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ALBONI.

ALBONI has arrived and departed. She arrived on Tuesday night, at the Sabloniere Hotel, and started on Thursday night for Southampton. On the 26th she sails for America.

So speculation is at an end. When and where we shall again hear this greatest of singers is written in the book of fate; and, as that book is not open for our inspection, we are unable to communicate the information it contains.

P.S.—Since writing the above, we have been informed that Alboni has not departed; and a little bird has whispered in our ears, that she may be induced to remain for a short space; for what purpose, and for whose benefit, we are afraid to insinuate even a suspicion. Hours will show. Meanwhile, let the fact that the enchanting songstress rests her wings, and suspends her flight, be a consolation to the lovers of Italian song, of the fountains of which Alboni keeps the "silver" key.

MADAME PLEYELL'S CONCERT.

The Hanover-square Rooms were crowded to overflowing on Thursday afternoon, at the concert of Madame Pleyel. All the amateurs of the pianoforte, and most of the eminent professors, now in London, were present, to listen to the performances of this unrivalled pianist. The programme was highly interesting. Madame Pleyel played two grand concertos—Beethoven's in C minor, and Mendelssohn's in G minor—accompanied by an orchestra of Philharmonic proportions, which was led by Mr. Willy and conducted by Mr. Frank Mori. She also introduced Liszt's extraordinary *fantasia* on the skating scene in the *Prophète*, and a selection of three *morceaux* from the same composer's arrangement of the *Soirées Musicales* of Rossini. In every one of these pieces her triumph was complete. Her reading of the concerto of Beethoven was perfectly her own. The manner in which she treated the *rondo*, investing it with some new charm of accent, some striking and natural contrast, on every repetition of the leading theme, was marked by the most exquisite fancy. There is nothing dry or mechanical in Madame Pleyel; whatever she plays she stamps with the impress of her own mind. No other pianist possesses to such a wonderful degree the art of varying tone; whatever the difficulty of the passages, she never loses her command of this invaluable quality. Hence that continuous charm in her execution which utterly excludes the monotony so often pre-

judicial to long and elaborate compositions. She developed her powers of expression with consummate address in the quaint *rondo* where Beethoven has so cleverly paraphrased a movement from one of the quintets of Mozart, and still more eminently in the concerto of Mendelssohn, the great feature of the day, and, without exception, the most original, masterly, and poetical performance that has been heard in this country for many years. The ordinary standard of criticism cannot be applied to Madame Pleyel. Her genius is uncontested, and her talent altogether beyond the reach of competition. If asked why her reading of the slow movements, in both the concertos, differs from that of other pianists, the answer is easy—she differs altogether from other players, and in nothing more than her superiority; she does not play by rote, nor is she wound up like a self-acting machine; on the contrary, she obeys the impulses from within, and these are many, various, and always truthful and effective. It is not merely the matchless equality and amazing rapidity of her execution that endow a *bagatelle* like the *tarantella* of Rossini ("La Danza"), which Liszt has vainly striven to make impossible—since a mechanism like that of Madame Pleyel makes child's play of every obstacle—with such a strange, a novel and absorbing interest; it is more than this—it is genius, which adorns what it touches, and raises everything to its own high standard. The *fantasia* on the *Prophète* was a prodigious display of manual dexterity, toned down and embellished by extreme grace and a keen sense of colour—if such an explanation may be given of that power of making one part contrast with and relieve another, while the whole is rendered harmonious, which Madame Pleyel possesses in such singular perfection. The enthusiasm created by her performances was unanimous. In the middle of the *fantasia* on the *Prophète* she was compelled to leave off playing, until the applause, excited by some unparalleled *tour de force*, had subsided; the *tarantella*, dashed off with a reckless impetuosity which nothing but the most unerring mechanism could have warranted, brought down volleys of applause; and the last movement of Mendelssohn's concerto, executed with a fire, velocity, and unfailing correctness never equalled but by its lamented composer, completely electrified the audience. The members of the orchestra, including the conductor, Mr. Mori, were quite as much moved as the rest; and so deafening and prolonged were the plaudits which proceeded from these and the general body of spectators, that Madame

Pleyel had no alternative but to repeat the whole *finale*, which she did in the same rapid movement, and with unabated vigour. This was a real triumph for good music. Few would have attempted to play a serious and classical concerto after the excitement raised by such brilliant and fantastic pieces as those of Liszt; but Madame Pleyel is not to be classed with the mass, and never proved it more triumphantly than on the present occasion, when she made the *finale* of Mendelssohn appear more light, sparkling, joyous, and irresistible than all the "*ad captandum*" music that immediately preceded it.

We have only space to add, that the concert was agreeably varied by a German and an English song, delightfully warbled by Jetty Treffz, and some first-rate singing by M. Fedor and Herr Staudigl. The band showed its strength in the overtures to *Coriolan* and *Oberon*, and the spirited and artistic instrumental prelude to Mr. Frank Mori's cantata entitled *Fridolin*, which met with such well-merited success last year at the Worcester Festival.

EMILE PRUDENT.

THE virtuosi, connoisseurs, amateurs, students, disciples, and professors in London, of the piano, will learn with unanimous and unmixed satisfaction, that the above named celebrated representative of the modern romantic school of pianism intends to make himself re-heard on the 29th instant, at Willis's Rooms. M. Emile Prudent produced such a lively sensation (*vive satisfaction*) at his first concert in the Hanover Square Rooms, that there has been since but one interrogatory as to the date and locale of his second. These are now constated. The curiosity, previously *remuant*, has worked itself up into a veritable excitement, by this announcement, which has appeared in the advertising columns of our daily contemporaries, and there is little doubt that the affluence of rank, fashion, wealth, beauty, and art, at his next performance on the 29th will be preposterous. The great merits of M. Prudent, as a composer, has had, doubtless, a large share in creating the general excitement, for be it remembered that M. Emile Prudent is not merely an egregious virtuoso, but an original and earnest composer, and not only a composer for that instrument of which he is so accomplished a professor, but for that instrument in combination with the orchestra—*per se* an instrument, so to speak, in presence of which all other instruments, as it were, are tributary and helot. M. Prudent, in appropriating the entire duration of the sitting to his own performances, and his own compositions, does well, sithence in this overwrought season the multitude of aspirants to public suffrage is so thick that there is small chance for a solitary virtuoso to issue single fingered from the crowd, and challenge appreciation and a fiat. The circumstances considered, what M. Prudent has effected this season, is more than what nine

aspirants out of ten in face of the same disadvantages would, or could, have accomplished. He has established a reputation with the English public, fully as high and exclusive as that which he enjoys in Paris and in Germany, and in Italy, and there is no chance now of the unanimous verdict being set aside.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

The fifth concert, which took place on Monday night, although it offered no novelty, was very interesting, and attracted a numerous audience. The following was the programme:—

PART I.

Overture (<i>Euryanthe</i>)	...	Weber
Finale to the second act of "Les Deux Journées," principal parts by Herr Staudigl, Mr. Smithson, and Mr. Beale	...	Cherubini
Aria, "Mio ben, recordati," Miss Williams (Poro)	...	Handel
Concerto in E flat, Pianoforte, Mdlle. Clauss	...	Beethoven
Liebeslied, "Mein Herz das ist," Herr Reichart with Chorus	...	Gumbert
Aria, "Der Kriegeslust ergeben," Herr Staudigl (Jessonda)	...	Soprano
Sinfonia in A, No. 7	...	Beethoven

PART II.

The first Walpurgis Night, principal parts by Miss Williams, Herr Reichart, and Herr Staudigl	...	Mendelssohn Bartholdy
Conductor, Mr. Costa.		

The fiery overture of Weber was played in that vigorous style for which the Philharmonic band and its conductor are famous. The *finale* of Cherubini, which, besides being abstractedly music of the highest order, is admirably dramatic, was heard with equal curiosity and pleasure, and again gave rise to the speculation as to whether it would not be a wise step on the part of the management of one or both of our Italian Operas to bring out *Les Deux Journées*. The theatrical works of Cherubini present a mine of wealth well worth exploring, now that there is so unexampled a dearth of novelties; and a better beginning could hardly be made than with the comic opera in question. Miss Williams who is continually improving, sang the beautiful air of Handel as well as Handel himself could have wished, and was deservedly applauded.

The concerto in E flat of Beethoven is the grandest ever composed for pianoforte and orchestra, and taxes the resources of the solo player, mental and mechanical, in an unprecedented degree. In attempting it, on the occasion of her *début* before the critical audience of the Philharmonic, Mdlle. Clauss displayed an unusual amount of boldness; and if she did not succeed so completely in satisfying the severest judges as, at a recent performance, in the more sparkling and less elaborate concerto of Mendelssohn, it must be solely attributed to her youth. As far as mere execution went nothing could be more unimpeachable. The *cantabile* phrases were given with exceeding grace, the passages of *bravura* were invariably neat and finished, and there was a freshness of sentiment, an absence of calculation, and a disdain of studied effect, which lent an undefinable charm to the whole, and captivated every hearer. The *adagio* was perfect, and not the less expressive from the extremely unaffected manner in

which it was delivered. What was required, to place the performance of Mademoiselle Clauss beyond the reach of animadversion, was breadth and dignity of style, which years will doubtless bring; but which, as it happens, are precisely the elements wanting to give the requisite grandeur to the first and most important movement of the work. In the *finale* Mademoiselle Clauss, perhaps discreetly, adopted a somewhat slower *tempo* than that to which Charles Hallé, and other great pianists who have performed the E flat concerto in public, have accustomed us. On this point, however, we shall not presume to offer an opinion, content to suggest that the faster reading is more in consonance with the joyous character which Beethoven has imparted to the movement. The applause bestowed upon Mademoiselle Clauss was of that genuine and unanimous kind which entitles us to say that she has added one more to her list of successes in England.

The *liebeslied* of Gumbert, though just as well sung by Herr Reichart as at the concert of the New Philharmonic, did not produce the same effect, owing either to the comparative inefficiency of the chorus or to the confined limits of the room. The fine air from Spohr's *Jessonda*, powerfully sung by Herr Staudigl, was the more interesting from the fact of its having been that in which, many years ago, on the occasion of his *début* at the St. James's Theatre, he made his first impression upon an English audience, and at once vindicated his fame as one of the greatest of German singers.

We have heard the introduction and first *allegro* of Beethoven's great symphony in A go better at the Philharmonic Concerts; but the three last movements were nobly executed, and it was surprising that the *allegretto* in A minor, one of the most wonderful inspirations of the composer, should have escaped its annual tribute of an encore. There is nothing new to say about Mendelssohn's *First Walpurgis Night*, now universally admitted to be one of the most original and magnificent of musical works. The execution, on the whole, was remarkably good, more particularly in the instrumental overture—descriptive of the storm which heralds the approach of spring—a marvellous piece of orchestral colouring. The fire and precision with which this was performed could scarcely have been surpassed. The choruses of the Druids and Christians also gave much room for praise, and at the same time some for reprehension. In that of the Druid guards, "Disperse, disperse, ye gallant men," the orchestral accompaniments were coarse and loud, and the singers anything but perfect; the *diminuendo* at the end, however, was beautifully managed, and almost made amends for previous shortcomings. The grand chorus of the Druids, "Come with torches brightly flashing"—where the dramatic genius of Mendelssohn soars so high that the fact of his long expected opera of *Loreley* having been left unfinished at his death is the more poignantly to be regretted—created, as usual, a profound sensation. To give full scope to the composer's intentions, in this and other parts of the *Walpurgis Night*, however, more than double the number of chorus that can possibly be accommodated in the orchestra at Hanover-square is indispensable. The solo parts were sung with great spirit and effect by Miss Williams, Herr Reichart, and Herr Staudigl. The declamation of Herr Staudigl in the invocations of the Druid High Priest was appropriately solemn and impressive.

Mr. Costa conducted the performance with his accustomed point and decision. In the difficult task of getting up such

long concerts, with the aid of a single rehearsal, this gentleman's zeal and indefatigability are not less to be admired than his talent.

LA FUITE EN EGYPTE.

FRAGMENTS D'UN MYSTÈRE EN STYLE ANCIEN, POUR TENOR SOLO CHŒUR, ET UN PETIT ORCHESTRE.

"Some judge of authors' names, not works, and then
No praise nor blame the writings, but the men."

Mon cher Ella,

Vous me demandez pourquoi le Mystère (la Fuite en Egypte) qui figure dans le catalogue de mes ouvrages que vous avez bien voulu imprimer, porte cette indication : attribué à Pierre Ducré, maître de chapelle imaginaire.

C'est par suite d'une faute que j'ai commise, faute grave dont j'ai été sévèrement puni, et que je me reprocherai toujours. Voici le fait.

Je me trouvais un soir chez M. le Baron de M—, intelligent et sincère ami des arts, avec un de mes anciens condisciples de l'Académie de Rome, le savant architecte Duc. Tout le monde jouait, qui à l'écarté, qui au whist, qui au brelan, excepté moi. Je détestais les cartes. À force de patience, et après trente ans d'efforts, je suis parvenu à ne savoir aucun jeu de cette espèce, afin de ne pouvoir en aucun cas être appréhendé au corps par les joueurs qui ont besoin d'un partenaire.

Je m'ennuyais donc d'une façon assez évidente, quand Duc, se tournant vers moi : "Puisque tu ne fais rien," me dit-il, "tu devrais écrire un morceau de musique pour mon album!"—"Volontiers." Je prends un bout de papier, j'y trace quelques portées, sur lesquelles vient bientôt se poser un andantino à quatre parties pour l'orgue. Je crois y trouver un certain caractère de mysticité agreste et naïve, et l'idée me vient aussitôt d'y appliquer des paroles du même genre. Le morceau d'orgue disparaît, et devient le chœur des bergers de Bethléem adressant leurs adieux à l'enfant Jésus, au moment du départ de la Sainte Famille pour l'Egypte. On interrompt les parties de whist et de brelan pour entendre mon saint fabliau. On s'égaye autant du tour moyenâge de mes vers que de celui de ma musique. "Maintenant," dis-je à Duc, "je vais mettre ton nom là-dessous, je veux te compromettre."—"Quelle idée! mes amis savent bien que j'ignore tout-à-fait la composition."—"Voilà une belle raison, en vérité, pour ne pas composer! mais puisque ta vanité se refuse à adopter mon morceau, attends, je vais créer un nom dont le tien fera partie. Ce sera celui de Pierre Ducré, que j'institue maître de musique de la Sainte Chapelle de Paris au dix-septième siècle. Cela donnera à mon manuscrit tout le prix d'une curiosité archéologique." Ainsi fut fait. Mais je m'étais mis en train de faire le Chatterton. Quelques jours après, j'écrivis chez moi le morceau du *Repos de la Sainte Famille*, en commençant cette fois par les paroles, et une petite ouverture fuguée, pour un petit orchestre, dans un petit style innocent, en *fa diéze mineur sans note sensible*; mode qui n'est plus de mode, qui ressemble au plain chant, et que les savants vous diront être un dérivé de quelque mode phrygien, ou dorien, ou mixto-lydien de l'ancienne Grèce, ce qui ne fait absolument rien à la chose, mais dans lequel réside évidemment le caractère mélancolique et un peu miais des vieilles complaintes populaires.

Un mois plus tard je ne songeais plus à ma partition rétrospective, quand un chœur vint à manquer dans le programme d'un concert que j'avais à diriger. Il me parut

plaisant de le remplacer par celui des Bergers de mon MYSTÈRE, que je laissai sous le nom de Pierre Ducré, maître de musique de la Sainte Chapelle de Paris (1679). Les choristes, aux répétitions, s'éprirent tout d'abord d'une vive affection pour cette musique d'ancêtres. "Mais où avez-vous déterré cela ?" me dirent-ils.—"Déterré est presque le mot," répondis-je sans hésiter; "on l'a trouvé dans une armoire murée en faisant la récente restauration de la Sainte Chapelle. Mais c'était écrit sur parchemin en vieille notation que j'ai eu beaucoup de peine à déchiffrer."

Le concert a lieu, le morceau de Pierre Ducré est très bien exécuté, encore mieux accueilli. Les critiques en font l'éloge le surlendemain en me félicitant de ma découverte. Un seul émet des doutes sur son authenticité et sur son âge. Ce qui prouve bien, quoique vous en disiez, Gallophobe que vous êtes, qu'il y a des gens d'esprit partout. Un autre critique s'attendrit sur le malheur de ce pauvre ancien maître dont l'inspiration musicale se révèle aux Parisiens après cent soixante treize ans d'obscurité. "Car," dit il, "aucun de nous n'avait encore entendu parler de lui, et le Dictionnaire Biographique des musiciens de M. Féris, où se trouvent pourtant des choses si extraordinaires, n'en fait pas mention!"

Le dimanche suivant, Duc se trouvant chez une jeune et belle dame qui aime beaucoup l'ancienne musique et professe un grand mépris pour les productions modernes quand leur date lui est connue, aborde ainsi la reine du salon: "Eh bien, madame, comment avez vous trouvé notre dernier concert?" "Oh ! fort mélangé comme toujours." "Et le morceau de Pierre Ducré?" "Parfait, délicieux ! voilà de la musique ! le temps ne lui a rien ôté de sa fraîcheur. C'est la vraie mélodie, dont les compositeurs contemporains nous font bien remarquer la rareté. Ce n'est pas votre M. Berlioz en tout cas que fera jamais rien de pareil." Duc à ces mots ne peut retenir un éclat de rire, et à l'imprudence de répliquer: "Hélas, madame, c'est pourtant mon M. Berlioz qui a fait l'adieu des Bergers, et qui l'a fait devant moi, un soir, sur le coin d'une table d'écarté." La belle dame se mord les lèvres, les roses du dépit viennent nuancer sa pâleur, et tournant le dos à Duc, lui jette avec humeur cette cruelle phrase, "M. Berlioz est un impudent!"

Vous jugez, mon cher Ella, de ma honte quand Duc vint me répéter l'apostrophe. Je me hâtai alors de faire amende honorable, en publiant humblement sous mon nom cette pauvre petiteœuvre, mais en laissant toutefois subsister sur le titre les mots: "Attribué à Pierre Ducré maître de chapelle imaginaire," pour me rappeler ainsi le souvenir de ma coupable supercherie.

Maintenant on dira ce qu'on voudra ; ma conscience ne me reproche plus rien. Je ne suis plus exposé à voir, par ma faute, la sensibilité des hommes doux et bons s'épan dre sur des malheurs fictifs à faire rougir les dames pâles, et à jeter des doutes dans l'esprit de certains critiques habitués à ne douter de rien. Je ne l'échérail plus. Adieu, mon cher Ella, que mon funeste exemple vous serve de leçon. Ne vous avisez jamais de prendre ainsi au trébuchet la religion musicale de vos abonnés. Craignez l'épithète que j'ai subi. Vous ne savez pas ce que c'est que d'être traité d'impudent, surtout par une belle dame pâle.

Votre ami contrit,
HECTOR BERLIOZ.

Londres, 15 Mai, 1852.

MUSICAL UNION.

The third meeting, which took place on Tuesday afternoon, at Willis's rooms, demands notice as having been the occasion of M. Charles Hallé's first appearance this season. This great pianist, to whom the epithet "classical" has been most appropriately applied, exhibited his talents in the grand duet in A (Op. 69), for pianoforte and violoncello, of Beethoven, with Signor Piatti—besides playing Chopin's "La Berceuse," and Mendelssohn's *capriccio* in F sharp minor (Op. 5), *solo*. The duet of Beethoven was an admirable performance on both hands. The two instruments are taxed in an equal degree, and each being in the hands of a master, the result was highly satisfactory. In the *Berceuse* of Chopin, M. Hallé displayed a degree of elegance which imparted to a graceful *bagatelle* an interest more than commensurate with its intrinsic claims to notice. The *capriccio* of Mendelssohn is quite another matter. This extraordinary piece, written during the composer's first visit to London, in an amicable contention with his friend Moscheles, has, perhaps, no parallel for a certain species of difficulty. Written in semiquavers throughout, *prestissimo* time, no ordinary amount of force and stamina is required to keep it up with unabated spirit to the end. The mechanism of M. Hallé, however, is quite on a par with his energy, and he accomplished his task with the utmost ease. His performance, striking and brilliant, was listened to from beginning to end with breathless attention. He was applauded with enthusiasm. On retiring he was requested to return to the piano, and in obedience to the general wish played another *morceau*, by Chopin, with which the ladies especially were enchanted.

The full pieces were Haydn's in G, No. 76, and Spohr's magnificent quintet in E flat, Op. 33. Signor Sivori was the leader, and his performance was remarkable, as usual for *finesse*, pure intonation, and a delicacy of feeling not to be surpassed. His associates were MM. Moralt, Oury, Le Jeune, and Piatti. The *ensemble* was unimpeachable. The room was crowded with rank and fashion.

HIER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

On Saturday *Ernani* was given for the second time, and attracted a very fashionable audience. Sofie Cravelli was as grand and impressive in *Dona Sol* as on the first night, and sang magnificently throughout. In the last scene she seemed to surpass herself, and roused the audience to the utmost state of enthusiasm.

Belletti and Calzolari were both in fine voice, and Signor Ferlotti exerted himself to the uttermost; so that, on the whole, the opera was admirably done.

Sofie Cravelli was recalled three or four times during the evening, and was received each time with vehement applause.

The *Fête des Rosières*, in which the delightful Rosati charmed all eyes and won all hearts, was the ballet entertainment.

We have seldom attended a more thoroughly satisfactory performance than that of the *Barbiere* on Tuesday night. Cravelli, Calzolari, Belletti, Lablache, and Ferlotti were all in admirable voice, and went through the piece with unflagging spirit from beginning to end. Calzolari quite astonished us. He was in better voice than we have heard him for a long time, and Mario himself could not have given the luscious music of the Count with more taste and finish. The

"*Eccoridente*" was a charming specimen of pure and finished vocalization; and throughout the opera, the surprising agility of Calzolari's voice told with great effect.

As far as mere singing is concerned, Belletti's Figaro cannot be surpassed. We have, however, beheld more comic and *spirituel* barbers.

We have only to repeat our delight at the immense advance exhibited by Sofie Cruvelli on her Rosina of last year. If not yet so finished and purely Rossinian as Alboni's, it is more finely colored and has bolder and more varied tints. In short Cruvelli's Rosina may now be pronounced one of her vocal triumphs.

The *Barbiere* was received throughout with infinite delight, not the less so as Lablache was in one of his most glorious moods.

La Fête des Rosières followed, and nearly all the audience remained to pay homage to the talent of the charming Rosati.

On Thursday night Sofie Cruvelli achieved her greatest triumph of the season in *Sonnambula*. In the character of Amina last year—when, it may be remembered, she undertook the part for the first time, upon the departure of Madame Sontag, and during the after-season—she created the most profound sensation by the beauty and purity of her singing, and the power and intensity of her acting. It was in Amina, perhaps, even more than in *Fidelio*, her initiative essay, that she won her largest reputation. It was to be lamented that Cruvelli did not attempt Amina last year until the cheap-price nights, when the subscribers and *habitués* had left London, and thereby lost so excellent an opportunity of confirming and increasing the impressions she had previously made. In Paris, Cruvelli's greatest success was certainly achieved in *Sonnambula*, even after the magnificent ovations awarded to her Norma, Elvira, and Leonora. We coincide with the Parisians. We think Amina Cruvelli's most finished, powerful, and original representation. Since Malibran, we have seen nothing comparable to it. Sofie Cruvelli's Amina is as unlike Malibran's as starlight is unlike moonlight; nevertheless, Sofie Cruvelli is the veritable successor of Malibran, and is about to be invested, by universal approval, with the crown and mantle of that adored and adorable singer. So much for generalities. Now proceed we to detail the performance of Thursday.

In a lengthy article last year, we pointed out to our readers the originality of Cruvelli's conception of Amina; how, in a psychological point of view, it was perfectly natural; how, from its very nature and truthfulness, it lacked the effectiveness of Malibran; how finely the quietude and subdued tone of the first act was contrasted with the passion and intensity of the second; and how deeply felt by all was the overwhelming climax of joy at the end, which was as a golden sunburst when the west winds have dispelled dense clouds of obscurity. All this and more wrote us down in our musical annals of 1851; and with all this and more were we profoundly impressed on Thursday night, after witnessing Sofie Cruvelli's performance of Amina. Nor were we alone in our impressions. To the general utterance of admiration we did not hear one dissentient voice. Indeed we have seldom seen an audience more wrapt and moved throughout a whole opera.

Through the entire of the first act, Cruvelli almost invariably sings in the mezzo voice. The acting, too, is toned down. At first this would seem as if the artist was out of spirits, or had not warmed to the part. But, no—Cruvelli leaves nothing to chance. Amina is about to be wedded to

one she dearly loves. She enters the scene when she is to sign the contract of marriage, before a large circle of friends and acquaintances. It is perfectly natural that between the deep sensations of joy at her approaching union, and timidity proper to a modest maiden before so many familiar faces, her heart should feel oppressed. Such is the view Sofie Cruvelli takes of Amina in the earlier scenes, and, even though we differed from her conception, we should not quarrel with her, so exquisitely does she carry out her delicate notions.

The opening air, "Come per me sereno," was delightfully given, and some of the cadences, mostly pianissimo, very new and striking. Her voice was under the most perfect command, and the intonation exquisitely true. The charming duo, "Son geloso," was perfectly given by Cruvelli and Gardoni; and the curtain fell amid loud applause, and both artists were recalled.

The somnambulist scene, in the second act, was finely acted, and in the snatches of song the beauty of the middle voice rendered conspicuous. But in the finale, commencing with the "D'un pensiero," Cruvelli created a most powerful impression, and excited a *furore*. Her acting was forcible and earnest throughout, and her singing magnificent. A double recall was the consequence at the fall of the curtain.

The third act constituted a grand climax, from the entrance of Amina on the housetop to the burst of joy in the finale. The great vocal feature of the sleep-walking scene was the "Ah! non credea," which was sung to perfection. Nothing could be more graceful and imposing than Cruvelli's attitudes throughout this scene, although simple and natural in the extreme. Perhaps the most remarkable thing about her Amina is its absolute distinctiveness, its dissimilarity to any other of her personations. We are never once reminded of Norma or Leonora. We never lose sight of the peasant maiden, even in the scenes of agony and despair. The tragic queen is never once hinted. The melo-dramatic picture is perfect—no less beautifully coloured than designed. The "Ah! non giunge" was a magnificent close to a magnificent performance. The audience was so excited that Cruvelli was not allowed to finish the air, but overwhelmed with applause. Cruvelli surpassed herself in this great bravura song, which she acted and sang like one whose heart was overflowing with joy. Such power, such abandon, such volume and tone of voice, such compass, such intensity, such reality, such genius, could only be found in another Malibran, and another Malibran we fearlessly pronounce Sofie Cruvelli to be. A tremendous encore followed the "Ah! non giunge," but Cruvelli would not accept it. She was recalled, however, three times, and received with loud and continued cheers.

Gardoni made an excellent Elvino. He sang well, and acted with great energy. Belletti's Count is one of his best performances. He was encored in the first movement of "Vi ravviso"—a rare compliment. Mademoiselle Feller made a charming Lisa in looks, and might have given her first song with better intonation.

The band was excellent, only occasionally a little too loud.

After the opera, Mademoiselle Guy Stephan introduced one of her favourite *pas* with great effect; and a selection from the *Italiana in Algeri* followed; the performance concluding with the *Fête des Rosières*.

MDLLE. FORLI, a new première danseuse, from the Grand Opera in Paris, has arrived in London, and will make her first appearance to-night; as will also the Spanish dancer Petwa Oliva. Madame Lagrange debuts in *Lucia*.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

ON Saturday evening, Mozart's divine '*Magic Flute*' should have been repeated; but, in consequence of the 'sudden indisposition' of Madame Castellan, who was to have personated the character of Pamina, *Les Huguenots* was substituted at the last moment.

"It will be recollect'd," says the *Morning Post*, "that Madame Grisi was the Pamina of last season; and that Castellan undertook, on Tuesday last, at a very short notice (according to the play-bill of that date) to perform the part for the first time, in consequence of the 'sudden indisposition' of Madame Grisi."

"Castellan sang on that occasion as she always does, extremely well; and appeared to be as familiar with the music, words, and stage business, as though she had enjoyed the advantage of several rehearsals. But her 'sudden indisposition' on Saturday night, although certainly a lamentable thing in itself, could not, it was thought by the majority of the audience, render an entire change of performance necessary.

"It was remembered that Madame Grisi was, or should have been, ready to sustain her original character, which 'sudden indisposition' alone prevented her from personating on the previous Tuesday, and people were also so unreasonable as to suppose that if the 'Diva' was sufficiently convalescent to execute the music of Meyerbeer, she must also be healthy enough to sing the divine strains of Mozart.

"This was the general impression, and it was expressed in remarkably clear and loud sibilations, when Madame Grisi first appeared upon the stage; and subsequently on several occasions throughout the opera.

"The lady, not at all disconcerted by her unpleasant reception, went through the arduous character of Valentina much as usual; but still, as a whole, we never heard the '*Huguenots*' so badly given by the Covent Garden company. Mario was not in good voice. Most of the other performers, who had probably gone to the theatre preparing to sing the announced opera, and, being taken by surprise, were flurried and ill at ease throughout, whilst the uncertainty of Madlle. Bertrandi, who supplied the place of Castellan, as Margarita, added, of course, materially to the general embarrassment.

"We are disinclined to attribute to Madame Grisi any lack of respect to Mozart, the director of the Royal Italian Opera, or the public; but her conduct certainly looks suspicious; and, guided by the only evidence we possess respecting it, we are by no means indisposed to censure the audience for their severity on Saturday evening, although it pained us to see an old favourite so harshly treated. 'Sudden indispositions' of every kind are serious matters to a theatrical manager; for if often repeated, they may eventually create in the public a 'sudden indisposition' to patronise his theatre. Confidence in the official announcements once shaken, the treasury must infallibly suffer; and this interesting fact should never be lost sight of by artists, who, although frequently too unwell to play any but 'pet' parts, are, we believe, but seldom prevented by 'sudden indisposition' from claiming their salaries. We were informed that her Majesty visited the theatre early in the evening, but quitted it on hearing of the change of performance."

The revival of Halevy's *La Juive*, on Thursday, was chiefly remarkable for the first appearance in England of M. Gueymard, from the Grand Opera of Paris. A young man, this artist has very suddenly risen into fame. He was first noted

for his singing in the part of one of the Anabaptists in the *Prophète*, which led to his subsequent promotion by M. Roqueplan, until, step by step, he attained the highest position, and at the present moment shares the duties of *premier tenor* with M. Roger, whose post he occupies during the annual *congé* accorded to that gentleman. M. Gueymard has performed the parts of Raoul in the *Huguenots*, and of Jean of Leyden in the *Prophète*, at the Grand Opera, with the greatest success; and the rank he enjoys in his profession is due in an equal measure to his talent and industry.

In the opera of *La Juive*, M. Gueymard had to contend against the indifference which the English public has hitherto demonstrated towards this long and laborious opera, which, while regarded as one of the glories of the French school of dramatic music, has failed to inspire our audiences with a very deep impression of its merits. His fine manly voice, however—a *tenore robusto* of the most unmistakeable quality—united to a style of singing at once vigorous and artistic, could not fail to make its effect; and we may say, in advance, that M. Gueymard's success was unequivocal. Without evincing any profound traits of passion and feeling, M. Gueymard's general conception of the character of Lazarus, the Jew, showed a thorough comprehension of the meaning of the author, while his acting and general deportment betrayed evidences of experience and a natural aptitude to the boards. That M. Gueymard is a good actor, and an excellent singer—one of the best of his school—is beyond a doubt; and there can be little question that he is destined to become a favourite with the English public. His style is French, his voice is French, and his manner is French; but this is by no means urged as an objection, since it merely proves that he belongs to a school which, in spite of its peculiarities, has produced some of the greatest of dramatic singers. We have an objection to make to a certain monotony of gesture, exhibiting itself in the continual recurrence to a particular action of the arms, waved above the head, which might be "pruned" with advantage—but this may be easily remedied; and we are certain if M. Gueymard could see himself in a glass, while performing, he would set about reforming it, incontinent. In the *finale* to Act 1, where the well-known unison passage (and somewhat vulgar tune), "Ah vieni o figlia" occurs, M. Gueymard at once took possession of public sympathy, and was recalled, with Madame Jullienne, on the fall of the curtain. In Act 2, his delivery of the air, "O dio degli umani" (said to be founded on a Hebrew chant), in which Lazarus offers the unleavened bread to Leopold and his own family, was appropriately solemn and impressive. In the trio of Eudoxia and Leopold, which constitutes the *finale* of the second act, he sang with remarkable power. The malediction of Leopold, the false Christian, who has deceived his daughter, Rachel, was given with an emphasis not to be denied; and another recall for M. Gueymard, who came forward with Madame Jullienne and Signor Stigelli, was the result. In the third act, there is not much for Lazarus to sing; but in the duet (Act IV.) with the Cardinal (Formes), M. Gueymard declaimed the passage "E di qual dritto," where the Jew sets the Christian priest at defiance, with dramatic vigour; while the plaintive air, "Rachelle, ah quanda a me," was given with true pathos. The *allegro*, or *cabaletta*, of this air, "Ah, col padre," was sung with great energy; and at the conclusion M. Gueymard was once more recalled. In the last scene of all, when the Jew and his daughter are about to submit to

their horrible fate, the passage, "La terribil mia sorte" was given with great fire and pathos, and the fall of the curtain was the signal for another ovation to M. Guemard, whose success was thus consummated. Madame Julianne, by her performance of the part of the Jewess, Rachel, has raised herself another step in the estimation of the public. Nature has forbidden that she should be the *beau ideal* of the part, which, to create the necessary illusion, demands not only youth, but personal beauty. Nevertheless, her earnestness, energy, and continued anxiety to do well, were passports to the favour of the public, and won for her loud and incessant plaudits. In the air, "Ei viene a me!" (Act II.), in the duet with Leopold, and the subsequent trio, especially the passage, "Oimè! la madre mia," where Rachel endeavours to move the pity of Lazarus, she was eminently successful. Her greatest effect, however, was where Rachel denounces Leopold before the Cardinal—"La piu termenda e nera" which was delivered with a fierceness and impetuosity that completely took the public by storm. In the last scene Madame Julianne's acting was appropriately subdued, and her singing invariably expressive, and in good keeping. Of the great dramatic merit of Herr Formes' impersonation of the Cardinal, we have only to repeat what was said last season. It was more than ever impressive last night. The malediction of Leopold was given with wonderful power, and in the duet with Lazarus, when the Cardinal recognizes in Rachel his own daughter, whom the Jew had saved from the flames, the acting of Herr Formes was intensely pathetic and natural. The Leopoldo of Signor Stigelli was a meritorious performance; and Mademoiselle Bertrandi laboured zealously to render the florid music of Eudoxia as effective as possible. These characters were represented last year by Signor Tamberlik and Madame Castellan.

As a spectacle, the *Juive* is as splendid and complete as before. The scenery, the *ballet* (in which Mademoiselle Robert's dancing is remarkable), the costumes, decorations, &c., are glittering and gorgeous. The orchestra and chorus, under Mr. Costa, were admirable—more at ease in the music, indeed, than last season. The opera went off with the greatest *eclat*. Her Majesty, Prince Albert, and suite, were among the audience, and remained from the beginning to the end of the performance.

CRUVELLI'S SONNAMBULA.

(From the Times.)

Last night Mdlle. Sofie Cruvelli played the part of Amina in *La Sonnambula*, for the first time this season, and achieved her most signal triumph. Her acting and her singing in this celebrated character have both remarkably improved since last year, and afford another striking example of the rapid progress she is making towards the attainment of perfection in her difficult art. The Amina of Cruvelli may be set down as thoroughly original. Too young to have seen and profited by the example of Malibran, she has had no standard exactly worthy of her emulation, and has been compelled to draw upon her own resources. No traditions have aided her, and she has studied no living representative of the part as a model. Hence is derived a certain freshness, which gives an abiding charm to her impersonation. That she has deeply studied the character is evident from the extreme finish with which every point is detailed, and the elaborate pains with which the whole is worked out. A par-

ticular tone of feeling is sustained throughout with consummate art, and gives nature and unity to the impersonation. In Cruvelli's Amina there are no allusions to the classic grandeur of Norma, nor to the heroic devotedness of Leonora. In other words, there is not any evidence of what is called "mannerism" in her performance. The humble, artless peasant maiden is never once lost sight of, whatever vicissitudes she has to encounter; in the most violent ebullitions of passion, the *naïveté* and genuine simplicity of the character are preserved. In the first act, the profound emotion, springing from the near completion of all Amina's hopes, in an alliance with the one most beloved, is beautifully conveyed under the retiring demeanour of the modest girl, while the suppressed tones of the voice complete the conception in a musical point of view. In the whole of Act I. the acting and singing are, so to speak, kept under and subdued; no outburst, no brilliant display, obtrudes itself, to break the quiet outline. Simple, natural, and earnest, from first to last, it may be possibly less striking to the vulgar eye, less winning to the vulgar ear, than the overpowering demonstration of feeling in which, taking the hint from Malibran, other celebrated representatives of the part have indulged. In all that relates to the mere vocal execution, Cruvelli's Amina has made a striking advance on her performance of last year. It is more finished, more equal, and more under the command of taste and discipline. The prodigal richness of the voice is now no longer a bait for exaggerated expression, but a means to an end, which can be used at perfect discretion. Her performance last night was first-rate. She was in splendid voice, and the opening *cavatina*, "Come per me sereno," was exquisitely sung, and applauded with enthusiasm, as it deserved to be. The scene of the somnambulism (Act II.) was equally impressive in a histrionic and a vocal point of view. A striking dramatic point was made when Amina awakens and finds herself in a strange bedroom. The declaration of innocence to Elvino, "Sono innocente," was powerfully delivered, and electrified the audience. Nothing could be more touching and pathetic than the "D'un pensiero," which was delivered with a volume of tone and truthfulness of expression not to be surpassed. The whole of the duet with Elvino was admirable, and at the fall of the curtain there was a double recall for Cruvelli. In the last scene the "Ah non credea," given throughout *mezza voce*, with fervid expression, the high notes, *pianissimo*, taken with the utmost clearness and certainty of intonation, left nothing to be desired; the lower tones, sparingly and discreetly employed, raised up reminiscences of Malibran herself. The *rondo*, "Ah non giunge," a grand display of *bravura* singing, was the vocal triumph of the evening, and brought down the curtain amidst a storm of plaudits. At the point "Ah, m'abbraccia!" given with fine passion and abandon, the applause was so loud and continuous that Cruvelli was compelled to stop until it subsided, and the conclusion was lost in unanimous demonstrations of satisfaction. At the end she was called thrice before the curtain.

BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

The announcement which appears in our columns of to-day reminds us that the celebration of another of our great Triennial Music Meetings is rapidly approaching, and that, before rather more than three months have passed away, the success of the Festival appointed to be held on the 7th, 8th, 9th, and 10th of September next will have been determined. That the results may be superabundant, and add to the diminishing funds of the General Hos-

pital, must, we feel assured, be the earnest hope of every well-wisher of our most important local charity. We have already informed our readers, in a former publication, of some of the contemplated arrangements. We are now able to state that so far as the Morning performances have been fixed, three of them will be apportioned to the Oratorios of *The Messiah*, *Elijah*, and *Samson*—this latter (to which a magnificent additional instrumentation has been scored by M. Costa) having never been produced at any of our previous meetings. In addition to this imposing work, it is intended also to give that portion of a Sacred Oratorio by Mendelssohn, entitled *Christus*, comprising various recitations, trios, and chorusses, completed prior to the decease of that ever-to-be-regretted composer, to whose memory let us bear this just testimony, that the repetition of his published compositions not only adds to their popularity, but enhances their value in public estimation. The production, therefore, of this hitherto unknown Oratorio cannot fail to prove an attraction to all lovers of a high class of music.

We are, however, anticipating those remarks which it will be incumbent on us to make so soon as the official scheme is handed to us; we may, nevertheless, advert to the offer which we learn has been made to Madame Otto Goldschmidt (late Jenny Lind), and we hope the committee's proposals will induce that talented lady to revisit this country, and become the leading vocal attraction of the meeting. Should circumstances interfere to prevent the completion of so desirable an engagement, there are still other artistes of high merit to select from, and if continental reports can be relied on, Maddele. Johanna Wagner, whose *debut* is so anxiously looked forward to in the metropolis, cannot fail, in the event of the anticipations formed respecting her abilities and vocal powers being realized, in such case to draw the attention of the Managers of the Festival to the claims due to admitted genius.

Not being in possession of any positive information respecting these contemplated vocal *compromises*, we must of necessity content ourselves for the present with the assurance conveyed to us that the instrumental performers and chorus are complete, and that they have been selected with care and judgment; consequently we have every reason to conclude that the combined body will form a basis of tried and chosen materials upon which the conductor elect, M. Costa, will be able to operate with effect, and add to those laurels he has already achieved in the musical world, by rendering the Birmingham Festival of the present year the most successful meeting on record.—*Aris's Birmingham Gazette.*

MUSIC IN OUR PARISH CHURCHES.

On Sunday last we attended divine service at St. Mark's Church, Kennington, on which occasion the Bishop of Norwich preached an excellent sermon in aid of the funds for enlarging the Parochial School Rooms. The subject matter of his text was "God is a Spirit, and must be worshipped in spirit and in truth." He discoursed most eloquently upon the superior advantages that Christians enjoy in the present day, to what they did in the days of our forefathers. The attendance at the church presented a striking contrast to that at our city churches: every seat was occupied, and many were to be seen standing in the aisles. Some months ago we attended at this church, and on the present occasion we could but notice the improvement in the choral part of the service. The Gloria Patri after each psalm, was joined in by nearly the whole of the congregation; and had the boys alongside the organ—we will not call them charity boys, but singing boys, for they were well provided with music-books, from which, under the direction of their school and music master, they sang the Te Deum and Jubilate, assisted by a few tenors and basses admirably—had they been provided with surplices, we might have imagined ourselves in St. Paul's Cathedral or Westminster Abbey. The churchwardens at this church appeared musical, for they had their music also; and we would suggest, that if the girls on the right-hand side of the organ were provided with music-books, and a good soprano voice to lead them, they would sing even better than the boys. The congregation too would find also, if they were to use music, they would

sing better than they do by ear. The Metrical Version of Psalms and Hymns used at this church, is the Rev. J. Hall's selection, or, as it is more generally called, the Mitre Hymn Book. One of the psalms sung was the seventy-sixth, "Thy glories, mighty God," sung to the tune Darwells. The best arrangement of this tune we have seen, is in the London Psalmist; all the parts leading off in unison, has a very fine effect; and the pause at the end of the twelfth bar seems more in character with the words than by going from the D to E in crotchets, without pausing on the G and making a crotchet rest. The other tune was the Sicilian Hymn, a tune, from its sweet and flowing style, well adapted for congregational purposes. The organist seemed heart and soul in the music; it appeared a labour of love. We wish we could see the clergy in general take a more lively interest in the musical portion of the service. They would soon find their congregations would unite with them, and sing with the *spirit* and the *understanding* also. Not that we would infer that the Bishop of Norwich does not take an interest in musical matters; for if all we have heard be true, he was one of Jenny Lind's greatest patrons when in this country; and has she not often made the widow's heart to sing for joy?

THE WAGNER PAPERS.

(From the *Morning Chronicle*.)

WE are certainly a matter-of-fact people. In our eyes, sentiment cannot subvert moral obligation, nor can it transform a breach of contract into an interesting romance. To our dull, unimaginative apprehensions, fair play is fair play, and a bargain a bargain, whether its subject be the lease of a farm or the voice of a *prima donna*. Whatever may be said to the contrary, we can both value genius and reward it; but there is one price which we are unwilling to give for it, and we utterly decline to purchase its enjoyment at the expense of honour and fairness.

So long as the original suit of Lumley v. Wagner was pending in the Vice-Chancellor's Court, we abstained from offering any comment upon facts which spoke but too plainly for themselves. But M. Wagner is determined to leave us no alternative. He courts condemnation, and insists upon exposure. Not satisfied with the details of his case which have already appeared before the public, or with the decision of Sir James Parker, he has announced his intention of appealing to another tribunal. What honest object M. Wagner or his advisers propose to themselves in taking this step, it is difficult to imagine. We only hope that he will discover, before he has done, that, if England "can only reward with her money," she can at least punish with her contempt.

Seldom have the circumstances of a Chancery suit excited such interest or received such publicity as have attended the proceedings in this case. The material facts, although distributed by the ingenuity of counsel over some three or four days, may be compressed into almost as few words. It appears that, in October last, Mr. Lumley proposed to secure the services of Mlle. Wagner for the present summer, upon condition, *inter alia*, that she should not be at liberty to enter into any other professional engagement during that period. The Wagners objected to the restrictive clause, and a new agreement was drawn up, in which it was omitted. This agreement was placed in the hands of Dr. Bacher—a gentleman whom the affidavits of each party describe as the agent of the other—and he repaired with it to Paris, where he met Mr. Lumley on the 15th November. Mr. Lumley, on seeing that the original condition had been expunged from the contract, insisted upon its re-insertion; and Dr. Bacher thereupon consented, on behalf of Mlle. Wagner—and, as he asserts, with her and her father's authority—to sign the agreement with the addition.

Thus far, it may perhaps be doubted whether anything had been done which could legally bind the Wagners. But, on the 27th of the same month, we find Mlle. Wagner writing a letter to Dr. Bacher, in which she refers to the document in its altered state as a subsisting agreement, and, to all appearance, adopts it *in toto*. A letter of her father's was also in evidence, in which, while complaining of the additional clause, he clearly recognises its validity. The payment of part of the consideration money was fixed for the

15th of March, and the *début* of Mdlle. Wagner for the 2nd of April. At the request, however, of M. Wagner himself, the latter event was delayed to the 15th of April; and it seems to have been understood, as a matter of course, that the stipulated advance should be postponed for a proportionate period. Whether Mr. Lumley actually offered to pay the money on the day specified—or even whether any particular day had, under the altered circumstances of the case, been specified—does not appear by the evidence. At any rate it is shown that he made a formal tender of the money on the 15th of April. But on the 5th of the same month, we find the Wagners in treaty with Mr. Gye.

So stand the facts of the case. Let us now see what was the defence set up by M. Wagner. That defence was threefold. First, it was contended that Mr. Lumley was not so well off as Mr. Gye. Secondly, it was urged that by the law of Prussia the plaintiff was not entitled to his injunction—an allegation which, however weighty in itself, loses a considerable part of its logical force from the circumstance that Prussia is not England. Thirdly, it was alleged that Mr. Lumley had acted most unjustifiably in attempting to prevent Mdlle. Wagner from appearing on any other stage than his own. But, unless we suppose that the proprietor of an operatic establishment enters into a professional engagement with the sublime ambition of benefiting all the stray speculators in London, and of developing the musical genius of Young England into the bargain, we can hardly see why Mr. Lumley should send all the way to Berlin for Mdlle. Wagner, in order that she might electrify a crowded audience at Covent-Garden or Exeter Hall. We never heard before that distinguished opera singers were like some eminent Queen's counsel, and might receive fees from rival claimants without intending to fulfil their engagement with either.

That a Court of Appeal will consent to reverse the decision of Sir James Parker, we cannot for a moment imagine. But even supposing that it be unhesitatingly confirmed, it is impossible to deny that Mr. Lumley has sustained a grievous injury. He has obtained his injunction, but he has obtained little else. *Prima donnas* are not like "little birds," which, when they "can sing and won't sing, must be made to sing;" and the Court of Chancery, although it may prevent Mdlle. Wagner from violating her engagement, cannot compel her to perform it. There is but one person from whom Mr. Lumley can hope to obtain the redress to which he is entitled—and that person is Mdlle. Wagner herself. It is still in her power, by freely consenting to fulfil her engagement, to show that she, at any rate, has had no share in the very questionable transaction with which her name stands associated. Should she pursue a different course, we much fear that, be her talents what they may, she will find it impossible to counteract the prejudice which that transaction must unavoidably create against her. The English public looks almost as much to the character as to the artistic merit of a *débutante*. It was at least as much by her virtues as by her talents that Jenny Lind won for herself a heartfelt and affectionate esteem, compared with which the glory even of Catalani was but as light without warmth. We are most willing to believe that Mdlle. Wagner has, up to the present period, been the passive instrument of her more designing friends. But it rests entirely with herself to justify this charitable supposition; and, after the thorough sifting which the case has undergone, it is impossible to imagine that she can be ignorant of the right and wrong of the matter. The object of the intended appeal is too transparent to deceive any one. Mdlle. Wagner cannot but be aware that the aim of those under whose influence she is acting is simply to gain time—to tide over the period during which her engagement with Mr. Lumley holds good—to deprive him, by legal delays, of one of the chief resources on which he counted for the season, until the day when his claims on her services shall have expired by lapse of time. She will do well to consider how far her own interests will be promoted by her making herself a party to so palpable an attempt at injuring a rival establishment. We trust that she will weigh this question well before it is too late, and that, by promptly withdrawing her name from this discreditable affair, she will make it possible for an English public to welcome her with the enthusiasm which may be due to her reputation and her genius.

(*The Spectator.*)

Probably the Court of Chancery has never jumped so evenly with public opinion as in the decision on the Wagner case. The refinements of "Equity," and the conclusions of plain fairness and common sense, have summed up alike, and have refused to admit M. Wagner's pleas for the breach of his contract with Mr. Lumley. The case, however, will not have been in vain; it is an expensive but a valuable experience.

Wagner's plea for a discharge of the injunction rested on technicalities, but even the technicalities failed. To establish the prepotency date for the preliminary payment, a forced construction was put on the adverb "dès," not justified by either dictionary or usage; and that strict, or rather strained, construction is attempted against Mr. Lumley after he has been asked for an extension of time, and asked not in vain.

The exclusive clause, repudiated by M. Wagner, is established against him by a concurrence of circumstances unusually conclusive. The general authority to Bacher appears not only from express words to that effect, but from the tone of several letters addressed to him by the Wagners. If it appeared that Mr. Lumley had employed him as his agent, it appears that the Wagners had done so more closely, and with an increasing confidence. And, as the Vice-Chancellor remarked, they, subsequently to the introduction of the clause, held Lumley to "*the contract*,"—the only one that he had signed being the one that contained the clause. That the clause is not matter of course, is far from being proved by Mr. Gye's allegation that he did not introduce it into his contract with Madame Grisi: artists may be too eminent, or too unimportant, for such a restriction to be imposed upon them; and at all events Mr. Gye was not the original *importer* of Madame Grisi.

The most substantial allegation on the part of M. Wagner is, that the bargain which he had concluded with Mr. Lumley was a bad one: but that is not made out. Mademoiselle Wagner's reputation had not been established—it had still to be judged in Paris and London, or in Italy. And if Gye offered more than Lumley, was it not in part because, to the price which the father expected for a young songstress who had been running the gauntlet at theatres not the most important, an addition was warranted solely by the "quotation" of Mr. Lumley's offer.

An attempt is made to amend the translation of that epigrammatic passage—"England is to be valued only for her money;" and we are now told to read—"England rewards only with her money;" but the nice distinction is a stroke of German philosophy which will not be appreciated in this country. In the first version, M. Wagner seemed to express a sordid motive as the sole object of his own conduct; in the amended version, he charges England with having none but a gross and base reward. Unquestionably that is not the feeling of English treatment that will be acknowledged by the Italian artists who revel in a round of easy popularity; it will not be acknowledged by Jenny Lind, who was courted and feted in all directions; it could hardly have occurred to any generous disposition even before a visit to England. The only reward, indeed, *expected* from England by M. Wagner, was her money; and he judged of her by himself. Englishmen should punish him whenever they meet him, by giving him the national coin—a shilling.

It is to be regretted that the administrators of art for England should have fallen so readily into the sordid trap. Nothing, indeed, is to be said against Mr. Lumley, who pursued a course justified by precedent; and the exclusive clause might be necessary even without any unhandsome intention. It was clear, for example, that Jenny Lind, had she been free, might have worn herself out with engagements extraneous to the opera house. Not that she was greedy for *some* of the honours that invited her: she declined to give even the Court precedence in her first public singing; but she seemed to have no bounds to her erratic efforts when they were invoked in the name of charity. M. Wagner was led astray by Gye, and has been called to account through the clause: Charity was the Gye of Jenny Lind. Still, a clause for exclusive trading is an ugly thing in art. If there are few Jenny Linds to be led away by charitable lavishness, so there are few Albert Wagners so single-minded as he is; and a trust in

"handsome" constructions is, after all, the best compliment to a written contract.

As to the other parties in the suit, a novel or a play could not have dealt out better poetical justice: the attempt to outbid a rival, the jilting of one manager for another who offers a little higher, end in a Chancery injunction. The person that deserves most pity is the young lady who is the Helen of this Trojan war. Will she appear at all, or not?—that is the question now left for the public to discuss. Against herself there can be no ill feeling; the public, however, cannot but retain some uncomfortable sensation at the sound of her name; and it would be fortunate if, refuting M. Wagner's assertion that England rewards only with her money, the young artist had the opportunity of changing her name before her appearance.

MADAME PLEYEL.

(From the *Morning Herald*.)

THE attendance at Madame Pleyel's concert, which took place yesterday morning at the Hanover Square Rooms, plainly betokened the estimation in which this distinguished pianist is held by the public. Every part of the room was crowded; and there were few artists of any note at present in the metropolis who were not visible. The programme was in every respect an interesting one, but the principal features were of course those in which Madame Pleyel was concerned; and these were Beethoven's concerto in C minor, and Mendelssohn's in G minor—two compositions calculated to test the classical pretence and genius of any player—and a pair of more popular morceaux, namely, Liszt's fantasia on subjects from the *Prophète*, which Madame Pleyel performed at a recent matinée of the Musical Union; and one of the "Soirées Musicales" of Rossini—that known under the title of the "Regatta," followed by the well-known "Tarantella." Here was variety enough; and to coolly undertake to play the whole of these pieces was to measure capacity with any and every kind of pianist, from the light-fingered gentleman of the modern school up to the most stern and uncompromising classicist. But little is now left to be said respecting the powers of this great and wonderful executant. It is but a trite remark to say that Madame Pleyel has no competitor in scarcely any walk of the art. Her reading of the two concertos was worthy alike of the works themselves and of her own great and universal fame. Both came out with the newest graces of character and expression. She communicated to the several movements their several specialties, the wild and impetuous allegros of Beethoven being rendered by her with a vivid and daring picturesqueness—with a force and colour that astonished while it gratified. But numberless were the points of interest communicated by the niceties and subtleties of an ever-teeming imagination—novelties, probably, but how charmingly in keeping, how winningly unobtrusive! The two slow movements were both sources of pleasure. The tenderness and grace which are here such vital essentials were manifested with the profoundest feeling and the most poetical elegance, and the beauties of each of these exquisite passages, so different in vein, but so replete with mournful and passionate sentiment, were developed with all the force and intensity of the master! The fantasia of Liszt, though simply a series of those physical exploits which one wonders how it is possible for a single pair of hands to realise, was likewise, by the skill and finesse of the

performer, invested with a world of felicitous traits of expression, delicacy, and freedom, being thoroughly and inseparably united—wholly concealing the stupendous difficulties which the fingers had to overcome. The closeness and rapidity with which Madame Pleyel rendered the Tarantella was, as formerly, marvellous. This, too, was a study of piquant effects—the result of that perfect mastery which permits the mind to influence the hand, and give shape to its spontaneous conceits of fancy, without any physical reservation whatever. The auditory applauded all they heard with obvious delight. The velocity of the finger, the elasticity of the touch, the sweetness of the tone, the beauty of the phrasing, and the intellectuality that reigned over every bar of music that the instrument, under these fortunate circumstances, gave birth to, had their natural influence; and the delight of the spectators was unquestionable. We might have mentioned that the last movement of Mendelssohn's concerto was encored with the loudest acclamations.

(From the *Daily News*.)

This renowned pianist gave a concert yesterday morning, at the Hanover Square Rooms, which were filled to overflowing with elegance and fashion. There was a large and excellent orchestra, in order to give complete effect to the two magnificent concertos, which Madame Pleyel played—Beethoven's in C minor, and Mendelssohn's in G minor. Her performance of both came nearer our notion of perfection than that of any other pianist we have ever heard, Medelssohn only excepted; and we doubt if even he himself could have expressed his own ideas more beautifully than was done by Madame Pleyel. She displayed her powers in a different style by playing several pieces of Liszt, in which her strength of hand, rapidity of finger, and clear execution of the most involved and complicated passages, were altogether marvellous.

(From the *Morning Chronicle*.)

A large and brilliant audience assembled yesterday forenoon in the Hanover Square Rooms, to enjoy the rare treat of an excellent general concert, in which the greatest of all the pianistes was to play no less than four important pieces, and to prove the wonderful versatility of her talent by passing from the vast inspirations of Beethoven and the profound thoughtfulness of Mendelssohn to a couple of brilliant fantasias by Liszt. It is almost needless to say that the triumph of the illustrious artist was complete. She never performed with more energy or feeling, and never astonished her audience more by her executive brilliancy. The first concerto was Beethoven's well-known work in C minor; the second, Mendelssohn's concerto in G minor. The more popular pieces were fantasias from the works of Rossini and from the *Prophète*.

MR. JARRETT'S CONCERT.

The concert, which took place on Wednesday night at Exeter Hall under the auspices of Mr. Jarrett, was one of the veritable "monster" species. There was a band of nearly 100, conducted by Signor Bottesini and led by Mr. Willy, which performed the overture to *Oberon*, the *scherzo* and Wedding March from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and a new overture, composed expressly for the occasion, by Signor Bottesini. The last, a work of distinguished merit, will in all probability be afforded more than one occasion of appeal-

ing to the suffrages of an English audience. To give anything like a notion of the vocal programme is impossible. The simple mention of the names of the singers—Mrs. Sims Reeves, Mdlle. Jetty Treffz, Madame Falconi, Misses Dolby, Williams, Stabbach, Brougham, and E. Brougham; Messrs. Sims Reeves, Rechart, Tedder, Holzel, Wallworth, Staudigl, and Braham—is enough to afford some idea of a miscellaneous entertainment, in which so many and eminent talents were called into request. That Mr. Braham was encored in the "Death of Nelson," which he never sang with more energy—that Mrs. Sims Reeves created a *furore* in "Adelaida"—and that Jetty Treffz, in Mozart's sentimental "Addio," Panofka's sparkling "Linden tree," and the immortal "Trab, trab," was enthusiastically applauded, will be easily taken for granted. In addition to these, we must cite "Ocean, thou mighty monster," by Mrs. Sims Reeves, "Grand Dio" (Mercadante) by Miss Dolby, and Staudigl's "Qui sdegno," as among the most artistic and successful performances of the evening. In a less ambitious point of view may be mentioned a new song by Macfarren, "She is not here," so well sung by Herr Rechart as to elicit an encore; and Mendelssohn's plaintive duet, "How can I light and joyous be?" which was charmingly given by the Misses Brougham.

The instrumental department was equally strong—solos on the violin by Sivori, on the double-bass by Bottesini, and on the violoncello by Piatti, besides a duet for clarionet and flute by Lazarus and Richardson, played in first-rate style, were received with the loudest applause. The feature of the whole concert, however, was the pianoforte *fantasia* of Madame Pleyel (Dohler's *Guillaume Tell*), a performance of transcendent ability, which created a sensation not to be described. In addition to Signor Bottesini, MM. Anschuez, Alexandre Billet, Schimon, Desanges, and Aguilar, lent their valuable assistance as accompanists at the pianoforte.

There were in all between 40 and 50 pieces in the programme, of which those who heard one half must have been amply satisfied. The hall was crowded.

Reviews of Music.

THE GERMAN CHORAL HARMONIST. Containing Forty Hymn Tunes; with the Words printed in full. For Public or Private Devotion.—Selected from the Works of Claud Goudimel, Luther, Schneider, &c., &c.—Adapted and arranged with a compressed part for the Organ, Harmonium, or Seraphine. By R. ANDREWS. Cramer, Beale, and Co., London; R. Andrews, Manchester.

In this collection, the author of "Songs of the Sabbath," "Harmonia Sacra," and other useful compilations, has been as successful as ever in compressing a great deal of excellent matter into a small space, and issuing it at a price which places it within the reach of the most modest means. The German school of chorale is wonderfully rich in gems; and Mr. R. Andrews' work shows a familiar acquaintance with the best models, combined with excellent taste in selecting. Wherever devotion is practised, in private or public we strongly recommend the "German Choral Harmonist," as a useful, we may almost add, an essential instrument in the musical part of it. The harmonization of all the chorales presents the triple distinction of simplicity, correctness, and the strictly ecclesiastical character.

THE MARIONETTES have been continuing their successful career during the week; *The Happy Manager*, *The Arcadian Brothers*, and *Aladdin*, forming the chief attractions.

Dramatic.

FRENCH PLAYS.—**ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.**—M. Numa improves on further acquaintance. In each successive part that we see him play, he seems to discover a fresh supply of the *vis comica*. According to the humour of the part which he has in hand, he embraces all the phases, both of the jovial and pathetic, and is perfectly at home in every variety and shade of character. On Monday last, "*La Protégée sans Savoir*" was given for the first time this season, Madame Rose Cheri taking the part of Helene, and M. Numa that of the painter Durocher. Of the piece itself we have already spoken, on the occasion of the lady's former visit; we shall therefore be content with remarking, that Madame Rose Cheri played her part in the most interesting and captivating manner; that of Durocher was done to perfection by M. Numa. The bluntness of the persecuted artist, his discontent at the habits and customs of England, his astonishment at the sums expended on the fine arts in that country, were productive of considerable merriment, at the same time, not unmixed with a softer feeling of compassion and sympathy when he discovers the wherefore of the extraordinary success of his former pupil in London. The allusions to English taste, and the retrospective complaints against political agitation, containing allusions strangely applicable to recent events in France, were received with much hilarity by both the French and English portion of the audience. The part of Lord Albert Clavering was well acted by M. Laba, and M. Leon created considerable laughter by his impersonation of another English lord, according to the French notions of such a personage. The new *Comédie-Vaudeville*, entitled "*La Niaise de St. Flour*," is a most amusing trifle, evidently written to display the peculiar talents of Madame Rose Cheri. The piece turns on the efforts made by Madeleine to win the affections of Frederic (M. Leon), who has been sent by his uncle on a matrimonial visit, but who, predisposed by the reports of a friend, Leonard (M. Villot), both against the young lady and her family, has resolved to behave in such a manner as to render the marriage impossible. In this he succeeds to perfection with the old people, committing the most absurd outrages, killing the ducks and pigeons, and throwing the old lady's dog out of the window; but with Madeleine he is not so lucky; on the contrary, she endeavours to palliate all his extravagances, and at last succeeds in winning his affections, when the arrival of a new suitor, in the person of Leonard, and the discovery of a letter, written by Frederic, in which he does not conceal his contempt for the young lady, creates a complete revulsion. An explanation, however, takes place, and everything is satisfactorily arranged, the tables being turned on the new comer by Madeleine, who feigns silliness, and, in a sense admirably rendered, by the bye, by Madame Rose Cheri, obliges the young gentleman to renounce all pretensions to her hand of his own accord. The other parts were well rendered by Madame Mancini and Messrs. Langeval, Lucien, Leon, and Villot. Monsieur Numa came out in all his glory in the Vaudeville "*Les Petits Moyens*"; the piece is intended to be a lesson to ladies, not how to catch a husband, but how to keep him when caught, a much more difficult matter. Numa was admirable as the uncle of the faithless husband, preaching fidelity whilst owning that, if he was a better pattern of a husband himself, it was because he couldn't help it, and allowing himself to be seduced to go to a masked ball unknown to his wife. The house was convulsed with laughter at a display of the chore-

graphic art given by the artiste; he was enthusiastically applauded, and may rest assured that he has firmly established himself as a favourite among the *habitues* of this theatre. Next Wednesday Mr. Mitchell takes his annual benefit.

J de C.

ADELPHI.—*Sea and Land* is the title of a new and original three-act drama which was produced at this theatre on Monday last. The scene is laid upon the sea-coast of England, in the year 1798, a time when smuggling was not only a more lucrative employment than it is at present, but when it was thought respectable enough for persons of good standing in society to engage in it, without any peculiar loss of reputation. It is not, therefore, surprising that a certain Mr. Crouch (Mr. O. Smith), a merchant in prosperous circumstances, has employed his capital in the purchase of certain articles, such as French brandy and lace, much in request among the population of this island, but subject to a certain drawback in the shape of duty, which Mr. Crouch thinks himself quite justified in evading. Mr. Crouch's efforts have been crowned with success, and this emboldens him to aspire to become the suitor of Miss Burton (Miss E. Chaplin). The young lady, however, has a strong antipathy to Mr. Crouch, having already bestowed her affections on Henry Brownlow, who, some years previous to the commencement of the piece, has left England poor and unknown, but returns, in the second scene, a major, crowned with glory, won on the battle fields of India. The course of true love never did run smooth, however, and Miss Burton's father, Sir Thomas Burton (Mr. H. Hughes), insists on her marrying Crouch, as that worthy is in possession of a secret which he threatens to divulge unless the baronet's daughter becomes his wife. It appears that Sir Thomas one day quarrelled with his gamekeeper, who was found shortly afterwards shot dead. Owing to a succession of circumstances, very artistically contrived in the drama, Crouch is apprehended on Sir Thomas's warrant, for being concerned in some smuggling transaction or other. On the baronet's refusing to let him free, he publicly charges him with being the assassin of the murdered man, and Sir Thomas is only rescued from a gaol by the evidence of Wild Meg (Mrs. Keeley), who, unobserved, had, when a child, witnessed the transaction, and clears the baronet, by declaring that the man was killed by his own fowling-piece, which he had let fall, going off accidentally. After this, Crouch is, of course, conveyed to prison, and the piece happily concluded. We have mentioned Wild Meg last in our list of *dramatis personae*, but it is on the principle of "last not least." Wild Meg may be said not only to be the first character in the piece, but almost the piece itself, and is a fine, touching piece of writing, strong, pathetic, and of absorbing interest, but at the same time, free from all exaggeration or straining after unnatural effect. As for the beautifully touching, truthful, and artistic manner in which Mrs. Keeley portrays this poor girl, the daughter of a drunken father, this poor being doomed to want, and, worse than want, to the scoffs and jeers of those who are more fortunate, and therefore ought to be more feeling; this wretched, half-witted outcast, who is so unaccustomed to kindness, that she can hardly believe her poor senses when she hears its soothing words, but who, by the manner in which she clings to Crouch, by the way in which she loves him, because he has acted differently from most others, and been kind to her, shows that a rough exterior often hides a tender heart. How to give our readers an adequate idea of all this, we really do not know, unless it

is by saying, that in Wild Meg Mrs. Keeley played only as Mrs. Keeley can play. Even this, however, hardly seems sufficient praise. Mr. Mark Lemon has reason to be proud of having written the character of Wild Meg, and delighted at having been fortunate enough to find a representative equal to his conception of it. The other personages of the drama were all, without exception, admirably played. Mr. Wright, as the owner of a yacht, afflicted with sea sickness, convulsed the house, and was well supported by Mr. P. Bedford, as his servant, a retired Greenwich pensioner. Mr. S. Emery, as Ned Bradley, a good-natured, daring, open-hearted smuggler, was all that could be desired. He entered into the character with his whole heart and soul, and infused into it a degree of earnestness that we could wish to see a little more frequently on the stage. There is another person whom we must mention particularly. That person is Miss K. Fitzwilliam, who, as Mary Thorncilffe, Ned Bradley's sweetheart, looked so enchantingly bewitching, and sang a ballad, composed by that deservedly popular composer, Mr. Alfred Mellon, so well, that every time we saw her, we sat, devoured with envy, at Ned Bradley's good fortune. To sum up, *Land and Sea* is a true Adelphi hit, the piece itself is excellent, the characters all admirably sustained, and the dresses, appointments, and scenery entitled to high praise. It was eminently successful, and will run for a very long time.

Miscellaneous.

SIGNOR BRICCIALDI gave his annual concert at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Friday morning, before a select and aristocratic audience, who appeared to enjoy in their usual tranquil manner the attractions brought together by the concert giver, who is now well known and established in London, as one of our best flautists. The solos on this occasion performed by Signor Briccialdi were an "Allegro alla Spagnuola," and a fantasia on *La Sonnambula*, both composed by himself; his brilliant execution, silvery tone, and elegant style, were conspicuous in the performance of both these compositions, which were of a higher order of merit than works of this description usually are: they were received with much favour. Signor Briccialdi also played, in conjunction with Miss Arabella Goddard, the first movement and the scherzo from Kuhan's concerto duet for flute and piano, in A minor (dedicated to Louis Maurer), a favourite composition among flautists, but which has seldom been heard in a public concert room. It is an elegant composition, well fitted for the purpose of showing to advantage the talent of both flautist and pianist; and on this occasion we need hardly say it received ample justice from both players. Miss Arabella Goddard's performance of the pianoforte part was eminently distinguished for elegance, and brilliancy. Her pretty dress, and still prettier face appeared completely as it were to thaw the aristocratic ice surrounding her, for a warm applause greeted her at the end of the duet. The vocalists who exerted themselves with praiseworthy zeal, were Madame Lemaire, a rising young singer; Miss Dolby, whose name is a phalanx of strength: Madame Schutz Oldosi, Miss Stabbbach, Miss Lascelles, Mr. Frank Bodda, who, *en passant*, sang an air by Ricci exceedingly well, and Signor Ciabatti; Madame and Signor F. Lablache's names were also on the programme. The instrumentalists were Mons. Saiton, whose performance of his variations on airs from *Lucrezia*, was perfect; Messrs. Cooper, Hill, and Piatti, who joined M. Saiton in a quartet by Mendelssohn; the giant contrabassist, Signor Bottesini, and Signor Maffei, the cornopistouist; all of whom gave great satisfaction by their united exertions. The conductors were three, viz.: Signori Pilotti, Fossi, and Bellini.

SIGNOR DALLE ASTE, *primo basso* of the Theatre Royal, Dresden, has arrived in London.

SIGNORE ALARY, the composer and professor of singing, has arrived in town.

MADILLE UGALDE.—This celebrated cantatrice made her *rentrée* at the Opera Comique on Tuesday last in *Galathée*: her reception was, as it deserved to be, enthusiastic.

MADILLE CAROLINE DUPREZ, the accomplished vocalist, has been elected an associate of the Philharmonic Society of Amiens.

MADILLE KRINITZ.—We are sorry to state that ill-health prevented that eminent pianiste and amiable lady, Mademoiselle Krinitz, from giving her already announced concert, and from appearing at several others at which she would have been an attraction. But we are happy in stating also that she is convalescent now, and will, we hope, soon give us an opportunity again of recording her successes.

VAUXHALL GARDENS are announced to be opened on the 31st inst., under the direction of Mr. Wardell, for the regular season. A *bal masqué* is also announced for the "Derby day."

MISS KATHARINE SMITH'S CONCERT.—This young lady gave her first matinée musicale at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Wednesday, the 18th, under the patronage of H.R.H. the Duchess of Cambridge. It was numerously and fashionably attended, and was in every way most successful. Miss Smith's voice is a soprano of the purest quality, although not great or powerful, yet has it that attractive power which enables it to travel to a remote distance, and is as telling there as when heard more nearly. She sang the cantabile of the "Qui la voce" most beautifully. The cabaletta was slightly injured by nervousness, yet was it carefully phrased, and artistically rendered. The duet "Sulla tomba" from *Lucia*, exhibited a dramatic power we were not prepared for in one so young. It was received with great fervour, and she was most ably supported by Signor Agosti. But it was reserved for Mozart's charming and exquisite song, "Voi che sapete" to exhibit the *method* and pure style in which she has been carefully trained. It was almost faultlessly sung; recovered from the nervousness which a first appearance must necessarily produce, her sweet voice rang through the room most deliciously, sustaining a part in the exquisite trio from *Lucrezia*, and in Mozart's never-dying excellence in "La ci darem" with Herr de Becker. She received a most rapturous encore in Mr. Aspull's new song, "There is no music on the strings." It was written for this occasion, and her instructor has most admirably seized on the most salient parts of her voice and powers; it was long and most deservedly applauded, and exquisitely accompanied. Alas for pianists! they come thick as blackberries! Aspirants rise like spring flowers to bloom in May; and Miss Susan Goddard is one of them. She is also a pupil of Mr. Aspull's, and did great credit to herself and master, playing with great precision and aplomb the Huguenot's fantasia, by Thalberg. Miss Susan Goddard has all the necessary rapidity of finger, great strength of wrist and that careful judgment which can only arise from long and intense study. The beautiful "andante and capriccio" of Mendelssohn's was exceedingly well played. So crisp, clear, and sparkling was her touch, that to our minds we preferred this morceau to the more apparently elaborate fantasia of Thalberg's. Trios from *Attila* and *Ernani* were most effectively sung by the De Pecker family, and "Der Wanderer" by the elder, and a romanza "Mon ame à Dieu," by the younger, exhibited their vocal powers to great advantage. Miss Dolby sang as she always does; and to write this is enough for those who have heard her. In a new song, "The remembrance," and more especially in "My heart is breaking," she sang most deliciously, and was warmly applauded. The first part concluded with Thalberg's duet for two pianos, most admirably played by the conductor and a very young pupil (Miss Guselda Archer), with a touch at once clear and sparkling. This young lady, a mere child, gave evidence of a most precocious talent. We must not omit the Misses Brougham, who sang with great sweetness of manner as well as voice, two most charming lieds by Mendelssohn. Herr Hedgesheim, on the violin, and the very prince of concertinists, Signor Giulio Regondi, gave their various solos with the utmost success. Herr Oberthur performed two solos on the harp in a masterly style. The first, an elegy on the death of Parish Alvars, and afterwards a most charming étude, called "La cascade," which was greatly admired. Mr. Aspull most ably presided at the pianoforte. Thus concluded a concert which must have been highly gratifying to the

high and distinguished friends of the young beneficiaire, as well as to our old esteemed friend and contributor Mr. Aspull, whose judicious method and style could never have a more successful exponenty than on this occasion.

THE ENGLISH GLEE AND MADRIGAL UNION gave their last Matinée at Willis's Rooms on Monday to a highly fashionable audience. The speculation has turned out so satisfactory that the parties have divided, and now there are "two Richards in the field;" one under the direction of Mr. E. Land, the hon. sec. to the original Union, and the other under that of Mr. H. Phillips.

MADAME PUZZI'S CONCERT.—The first, and among the most attractive, of those concerts which appeal especially to the aristocratic and fashionable world is that annually given by Mad. Puzzi, the well-known and accomplished vocal professor. The anniversary, celebrated on Monday afternoon, in the great music room of Her Majesty's Theatre, according to custom, was not less attractive than on previous occasions. There were two disappointments, in the non-appearance of Madame Fiorentini and Signor Puzzi (husband of the concert-giver), who were both absent from indisposition; but in other respects the patrons of Madame Puzzi enjoyed all that was announced in the bills. The entire company of Her Majesty's Theatre, strengthened by other eminent performers not connected with the establishment, helped to make out a formidable programme of little short of thirty pieces. Of these we can only mention the most prominent. The great Lablache and his son Frederick, with their always welcome *buffo* duet—this time, "Il segreto"—created the old hilarity; Signors Gardoni, Calzolari, and Mr. Sims Reeves sang the clever trio of Curschmann, "Viva Bacco," with great spirit; each of the three popular tenors had a solo or more in the bargain—Calzolari an animated *buffo* air, which Signor Panizza has composed expressly for a great many concerts. Sims Reeves a graceful song by Desanges, and Gardoni a couple of pretty romances by Gordigiani and Campana—and each sang his best; Signor Ferlotti brought a *romanza* of Donizetti, and Signor Ferranti gave a popular barcarole of Ricci, with a vast deal of spirit and animation of the right sort; Signor Belletti came forward, as of yore, with the "Piff Paff;" and, to be brief with the male department, each of these gentlemen made himself more or less useful in some well selected concert pieces. The ladies were heard in equal variety and to equal advantage. Mademoiselle Angri sang Balfe's "I'm a merry Zingara" like a veritable gipsy; Mademoiselle Ida Bertrand introduced a national Neapolitan song in the real Neapolitan dialect; Miss Louisa Pyne, in the sparkling *finale* to Biletti's *White Magic*, which she sang with great *finesse* (accompanied by the composer), obtained an encore not to be declined; Madame Schutz Oldosi, once a singer of high reputation in Italy, showed the remains of a fine mezzo soprano voice and a good style, in an air by Donizetti (with *obbligo* for violoncello, played by M. de Munck); Mademoiselle Josephine Hugot, from Paris, sang a couple of sentimental French romances, in a manner at once unaffected and engaging; Madame Clara Novello displayed her noble soprano voice and faultless vocalisation to advantage in a very clever and expressive aria, "Lidi amati," composed for her by M. Adolphe Schimon, who accompanied her on the pianoforte; Madame Anna Bocholtz Falconi, who has been lately playing Fidelio at Drury-lane, exhibited more than ordinary vocal aptitude in "Ernani involami;" and last, and best, Mademoiselle Sofie Cravelli sang the plaintive romance from *Otello*, "Assisa a pie d'un aslice," with a depth of expression, a taste in the use of ornament, and a purity of intonation, which raised a strong desire to hear her in Desdemona, a part which, judging from this one specimen, must necessarily so well become her. This also was redemanded; but, with her habitual disinclination to encores, Mademoiselle Sofie could not be persuaded to repeat it. The ladies, like the gentlemen, assisted in several concerted pieces; and the concert wound up with the national anthem, Madame Clara Novello, Mademoiselle Angri, and Mademoiselle Cravelli taking the solos, in which justice compels us to state that the English vocalist bore away the bell from her foreign competitors. We have only to add that the talented and already popular pianist, Mademoiselle Claus, played a very dull and unmeaning rhapsody by Willmers, entitled "Un jour d'été en Norvège," so admirably that she was warmly applauded

in spite of the music ; and that, besides MM. Bileta and Schimon, Signor Pilotti attempted some of the pianoforte accompaniments. The room was crowded.

THE MISSES BIRCH'S FIRST SOIREE.--This event took place at the Beethoven Rooms, on yesterday week. The vocalists, besides the fair Syrens and sisters twain, were Signor and Madame Fred. Lablache, and Miss Ursula Barclay. Mdlle. Coulon played a solo on the pianoforte, and Signor Negri conducted. We were unable to reach the rooms until late, and were only in time for Mr. H. Lesley's quintet for pianoforte and wind instruments, which commenced the second part. It is not our custom to give a decided opinion of works of this sort on a first hearing. The quintet is simple and unambitious in style. The motifs, if not very striking and original, are smooth, graceful, and varied. The andante contains some charming effects for the wind instruments, and the minuet is quaint and sparkling. The piece had ample justice from the performers. Mdlle. Coulon, who was at the pianoforte, made us regret that we were too late for her fantasia in the first act. Fioravanti's comic trio, "Io diro," was given with due effect by Miss Birch, and Signor and Madame Lablache. Miss Ursula Barclay, who sang a ballad of Balfe's, has a voice of very nice quality, and sings very neatly and prettily. The feature of the second act was the two beautiful German *Lieder*, sang by Miss Eliza Birch. We have already had occasion to notice the great improvement that has lately taken place in this lady's singing. She will henceforth unquestionably rank among the foremost of our promising singers of ballad music. The *Lieder* were judiciously chosen, both for their beauty and contrast. Kucken's song, "The Tear," is one of the most effective of his effusions, and Mendelssohn's "Spring is returning," is a perfect piece of vernal inspiration. Miss Birch followed with Linley's ballad, "To be beloved again." Although not one of the writer's happiest efforts, Miss Birch contrived to obtain an encore for it. The duet, "Waken lords and ladies gay," by Virginia Gabriel, and Henry Smart's trio, "Down in dewy dell," concluded the concert. It was without surprise that we found the two large drawing-rooms which form the suite chokefull, for Miss Birch's connection is among the best and most extensive extant. The selection was of an unusually moderate length,—only sixteen pieces besides encores. The next soiree will take place next Friday, and a matinee, on Wednesday, June 9th, will conclude the series.

REUNION DES ARTS.—The second soiree of this Society took place last Monday, at the New Beethoven Rooms, when the following programme was performed. Quartet in C minor, (Beethoven) Messrs Goffrè, Schmidt, Gang, and Hausmann. Song, "Chide no more," Miss Mary Rose. Solo, violoncello, (Hausmann) Herr Hausmann. Sicilienne Song, Mdlle. Anna Bocholtz Falconi. Piano solo, two Romances (Kialmark) by Kialmark. Vocal Quartet, (Mendelssohn) Mdlle. Anna Bocholtz Falconi, Mdlle. Therese Wagner, and Messrs. Haas, and Bruckmann. Trio in C minor, (Mendelssohn) Messrs Kialmark, Goffrè, and Hausmann. Aria, Mdlle. Therese Wagner. Duo Concertanto for two flutes, Messrs. Wustemann, and W. Graeff Nicholls. German songs, Mdlle. A. B. Falconi. Vocal Quartett, (Mendelssohn) Messrs. Haas, the brothers De Bercer, and M. Casabon. Conductors, Messrs. Kialmark, Kloss and Gollmick. Among the above pieces, Messrs Hausmann and Kialmark's solos were much applauded, and Mdlle. Falconi's songs, and Mendelssohn's vocal quartetts encored. The next soiree will take place on Monday, the 24th inst.

GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.—A host of aristocratic visitors have favoured the "Wellington Achievements" with visits during the week. The gallery may now be considered one of the most attractive places of amusement in the metropolis.

Mr. ALLCROFT.—This gentleman is certainly the Napoleon of music-publishers and concert-givers; for, like the Emperor, he does not know the meaning of the word "impossible." Who but Mr. Allcroft could have collected for his morning concert at the Lyceum on Monday, the 24th inst., such a number of celebrities as Mr. Allcroft has done? The list includes Miss Louisa Pyne, Mdlle. Jetty Treffz, Miss Dolby, Miss Poole, Madame Pleyel, Herr Reichart, Mr. Sims Reeves, Signor F. Lablache, with so many other first-rate artists, that they are far, far too numerous to be

mentioned separately. We fancy Mr. Allcroft will be conquered this time, at any rate: he must abdicate his Napoleonic dignity, for he will find out next Monday that it will be *impossible* even for him to pack within the walls of the Lyceum all the persons who will be pushing and shoving, and indulging in oaths and other bad language, in their efforts to effect an entrance.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The last performance this season of Mendelssohn's Elijah, on Monday, 24th May. Madame Clara Novello, Miss Dolby, Miss M. Williams, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Herr Formes, principal vocalists.

MR. RICHARD BLAGROVE gave his first concertina concert at the Concert Room, Mortimer Street, on Thursday morning. It commenced with Spohr's quartet (nocturno), arranged for four concertinas, which was well played by Messrs. R. Blagrove, J. Ward, G. and J. Case. Miss Louisa Pyne sang, "Ah no la Rosa," and Bileta's song, "Oh, was I then awake, or dreaming?" in a very charming manner; also, with Miss M. Williams, the duet, "Our fairy home," by W. H. Holmes, which received much applause. Mr. T. Williams sang Meyerbeer's Scena e Romanza, "Piu Bianca," with viola obligato, which was played in a very efficient manner by Mr. R. Blagrove. Mr. Henry Blagrove played his second air, with variations for the violin, in excellent style. Miss M. Williams sang very effectively Land's ballad, "The slave girl's love," and with Mr. T. Williams, Gabussi's duet, "Deh mira." Signor Bottesini played his solo on airs from *Sonnambula* in the most splendid manner. Mr. Richard Blagrove played Regondi's fantasia on airs from *Sonnambula*, and also with Mr. Holmes, Osborne and De Beriot's Duet Concertante, for Pianoforte and Concertina, on airs from *Cenerentola*, in very good style, which received the warmest applause. Haydn's quartet, Andante con variazione, on "God preserve the Emperor," and a quartet on airs from *L'Elisir d'Amore*, arranged for four concertinas, were also performed by Messrs. R. Blagrove, J. Ward, G. and J. Case, to the evident satisfaction of a fashionable audience. Mr. W. H. Holmes presided at the pianoforte.

BEETHOVEN QUARTET SOCIETY.—The fourth meeting took place on Wednesday. The executants were Joachim and Cooper (violins), Goffrè (tenor), Rousselot (cello), and Ferdinand Hiller (piano). The following was the programme:—First Periode—Quartet, No. 2, in G, op. 18, Beethoven:—Second Periode—Quartet, No. 8, in E minor, op. 59, Beethoven: Grand Trio, piano, violin and cello, F Hiller:—Quartet, No. 5, in E flat, op. 44, Mendelssohn:—Quatre Etudes for pianoforte and violin, op. 38, F. Hiller. Beethoven's Quartet in G was charmingly played, and with lively *entrain* throughout, producing a decided impression of gaiety by the *piquant* and brilliant execution of Joachim. The passionate character of the first movement of the quartet in E minor, was admirably rendered, contrasting excellently with the lively character of the first quartet. M. Hiller's trio is a masterly composition, and was executed with great finish. Mendelssohn's fine quartet could hardly have gone better. Mr. Hiller's Etudes were received with distinguished favour, and were much applauded. The composer played with great executive force, and skilfully rendered their beauties apparent, being supported powerfully by Joachim. The concert was a first rate one, and was thoroughly enjoyed by all present.

ERRATUM.—In the last Scrap from the Journal of a Lover of Music, read "Tauber," not "Faubier."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

LEEDS.—The *Leeds Intelligencer* has not reached us.

Mr. C. Salaman's concert in our next.

Mr. Buckland ditto.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED.

J. R. S., Lambeth; T. J., Newcastle-on-Tyne; W. S., Leeds.

PAROCHIAL PSALMODY.

NEW EDITION, by JOHN GOSS, (Organist of St. Paul's Cathedral); a collection of Ancient and Modern Tunes, and Single and Double Chants, with directions for Chanting, and for adapting words to the different tunes, with an Accompaniment for the Organ or Pianoforte. Price, 5s. "Pianoforte Student's Catechism" (new edition), by J. Goss, Organist of St. Paul's. Price, 1s. Cramer, Beale, & Co., 201, Regent-street, and 67, Conduit-street.

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HAS the honour to announce that her SECOND MATINEE
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at half-past Two o'clock; under the patronage of Her Grace the Duchess of Suther-
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Bradford. Pianoforte—Miss Kate Loder, Mrs. John Macfarren, and Mr. W. Stern-
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HAS the honour to announce that she will give a RECITAL
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ROOMS, King-street, St. James's, SATURDAY, JUNE 19th, 1852, to com-
mence at half-past Two o'clock precisely. Further particulars will be duly an-
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Mdlle. Anna Hochholz Falconi, Madame Schütz Oldorf (Artist de Chant à la Cour
Imperiale de S. M. l'Empereur d'Autriche et de S. M. l'Archiduchesse de Parma),
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MR. W. STERNDALE BENNETT'S

MORNING CONCERT, originally announced to take place
on Thursday, June 3rd, is POSTPONED at the request of several of his
pupils and other friends, on account of HER MAJESTY'S DRAWING-ROOM
being fixed for that day.

15, Russell-place, Fitzroy-square, May 19, 1852.

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THE public is respectfully informed that the above UNION
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Paul, where all communications for the Editor are to be addressed, post paid.
To be had of G. Purkes, Dean Street, Soho; Allen, Warwick Lane; Vickers,
Holywell Street, and at all Booksellers.—Saturday, May 22, 1852.